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A MORNING WITH THE SCULPTORS AT ROME.

THE first thing that strikes a traveller arriving at Rome, is the extent of sight-seeing before him: he is absolutely bewildered with the richness and variety of subjects provided for his entertainment. All classes of intellectual enjoyment centre here—everything that has interested him elsewhere is presented in its highest manifestation. Cities formerly visited are looked back on, where two, or at most three days comfortably exhausted all the sights: London, for instance, where there are scarcely half-a-dozen things worth looking at, when the Tower, Abbey, St Paul's, and the Houses of Parliament have been seen; or even Paris, which may be 'done' very well in a week. How different is the Eternal City! I heard a gentleman say very gravely, that he had lived there seven years, and had not yet exhausted its wonders.

To begin with antiquities: the Coliseum, the Pantheon, innumerable temples, arches, and columns immediately rush on one's remembrance, more beautiful and striking in their decay than they could have been in their original completeness. Days and weeks might well be spent in wandering among these evidences of a fallen grandeur and a past magnificence. Indeed, zealous antiquaries have devoted a lifetime to researches into the history of one temple or palace; and a large library might be filled with works in all European languages, treating alone of the ruins of Rome. Remains connected with Christianity, how countless are they! beginning with its earliest teachers—for we find faint and shadowy memories of the apostles clinging to the Appian Way and the Mamertine dungeons. We may dive into the catacombs, to search into the first rise of the faith, or drive to St Paulo fuori le Mura, to witness its latest development. And if we wish to study the links that connect these remote periods, the very dissimilar beginning and end of a church that professes to be the same, there are materials enough in a long series of churches, whose name is legion—for they say the pope might perform mass in a different one each day in the year, and yet have a few over.

Then, if art is your favourite pursuit, in no city in the world will you find more opportunities of gratifying it. You may walk through miles of gallery, pass acres of canvas, viewing the finest statues and the rarest pictures ever produced by the cunning hand of man. The Vatican, the Capitol, and many private collections, are lavishly thrown open, and miracles of ancient or modern genius meet your glance at every turn. Or, if neither art nor architecture, but men and manners, be your particular line, provided you are

not fastidious as to cleanliness or agreeable smells, you may indulge it to the full by strolling through the Ghetto, or prowling about the markets near the Pantheon and Piazza Navona, where also you may observe the very queer diet the Romans live on in the strange provisions there exposed for sale—snakes of all sorts, and even porcupines, being by no means uncommon.

If, sick of churches, tired to death of pictures, blased with ruin and association, you sigh for rest and quiet, walk out beyond the walls into that wild desolate Campagna; you will find yourself in perfect solitude—no other companions but the tombs and aqueducts, no other sounds save the buzzing of insects and the lowing of cattle. Or if this is too oppressive to your spirits, and you desire a softer beauty, ramble through any of the villa-grounds which girdle Rome; and beneath the murmuring pines of the Pamfili Doria, or amidst the rare flowers and fountains of the Ludovisi, catching through the trees a glimpse of tower and dome, and listening to the distant hum of the city, dream that life is naught but enjoyment, and amongst these elysian bowers forget that such words as care, toil, trouble may be found.

It is curious to mark at Rome how different periods and races distinguish the several parts of the town. The southern half is consecrated to the past; there, amidst vineyards and gardens, lie the grandest relics of the lost pomp and pride of the mistress of the world. The Coliseum, the temples of the Forum, the 'mountainous ruins' of Caracalla's baths, and the tombs, are all found there. Among them, it is true, are scattered some objects belonging to a later age, but by no means unsuitable neighbours—a few ancient fortress-like convents, and grand old basilicas reared in the earliest ages of the church; while, reposing in the shadow of some of the oldest monuments, is that sweet Protestant burial-ground, with its fragrant flowers growing above the graves of unhappy genius, and many memories of the young and lovely who came to this sunny land in search of life, and found death. Crossing the Tiber, we find ourselves in the Trastevere quarter, among the real descendants of the masters of the ancient world—a proud, handsome race, tenacious of their picturesque dress and old customs, but quarrelsome and passionate, eager for blows, and ready with the knife. The Jews are restricted to the Ghetto, which few will envy them. The Monte Vaticano is the quarter of the cardinals and other dignitaries of the church; and princes inhabit the Corso. English-speaking races swarm round the Piazza di Spagna to such an extent, that, with closed eyes, one might fancy one's self in London or New York. The sculptors haunt the Babuino and its tributary streets; the painters

prefer the Pincian Hill, whence they behold the fair city mapped out before them. The artists form a large body, associating chiefly among themselves, and consisting of almost all civilised nations. They may be readily known, at least the younger portion of them, by their quaint, uncouth dress, and flowing hair. They have their own places of resort—the restaurant of the Lepre in the Condotti, and the Café Greco, at whose doors they may be seen lounging about. We cannot wonder at many, who only came for a time, remaining their whole lives long. What fascination there must be here for the artist's eye and mind—monotony, order, and regularity unknown—a fresh picture at each turn of the street, and everywhere the rich glow of colouring peculiar to southern climes!

It is with the sculptors we have to do to-day. In one of the quiet streets leading into the Babuino, in the midst of a dreary expanse of blind wall, there is a *porte-cochère*, with the word 'Gibson' printed on it. Pulling the bell, the door soon opened, and revealed a little bit of fairyland, forming a complete contrast to the dull and sleepy street outside. From amidst gleaming marble statues, we looked into a courtyard-garden, where the spray of a fountain was discernible amidst camellias rising to a tree-like height, orange-flowers and roses. In sheds opening into this, the workmen were busy on statues in every stage of being, from the shapeless block of marble, to the perfect figure they were now cording in the packing-case which was to go to England to-morrow. Mr Gibson soon came, all courtesy and kindness, as truly all the Roman artists are in shewing their works to strangers. Nothing could be more obliging than the way in which he shewed us his beautiful productions, and his explanations and descriptions were particularly valuable, as coming from the acknowledged head of living English sculptors. He is a Welshman by birth, but has been so long at Rome (thirty-five years), that he speaks English with a foreign accent, and is little acquainted with his own country. He is not tall, has black hair turning iron-gray, piercing black eyes that look right at you, a low voice, and quick sharp manner. His conversation is extremely amusing; the words come forth in a continuous stream, seasoned with odd pithy sayings and a vein of satire. I was glad to see that he was dressed like a gentleman, and that in this particular he does not give way to the vagaries of ordinary artists.

After shewing us some statues, chiefly portrait-busts, which were just going off, he took us to another room to see the great work he was then engaged on. This was the colossal statue of the Queen, seated in a chair of state, with Justice and Clemency on each side. It is intended for the House of Lords. The figure is exceedingly graceful and dignified, and the face a very good likeness. While pointing out the most noteworthy things about the statue, he told us much about Her Majesty's sitting to him, describing in an amusing way his trepidation when commanded some years ago to take his first bust, and how soon he was put at his ease; running on for some time on the subject in a racy style, shewing a keen and close observer. He mentioned some pleasant little bits of court-life, among several other incidents, proving the strong mutual attachment between the royal pair.

Then he was kind enough to explain the process of statue-making, which was rather more in the manufactory line than I expected, so different from the work of a painter, who has to do everything himself—the sculptor, on the contrary, takes very little charge of the marble. He begins by making the original model in clay, and then his work is pretty nearly over—at the beginning, as we should say, and he has then only to overlook and direct the workmen. From the clay-model a plaster-of-Paris cast is taken, and then the block of marble being selected,

some of the men begin by roughly chiseling it into the general idea of the figure or group. When this is done, other and more skilful workmen proceed with careful measuring, and by degrees to make it exactly like the cast—the skill employed being of a higher character as it nears completion. 'Look at that man,' said Gibson; 'he does nothing but the crown and ornaments: he is a very delicate worker.' Thus the finished statue becomes a very costly thing, not only because of the expensiveness of the material, but also from the amount of labour bestowed on it. The sculptor comes at last, chisel in hand, to survey the completed work, and to give the last touches. It is evident that any number of copies may be made equally well from one clay-model; and in the studios, frequent repetitions of the same subject are seen. Mr Gibson now took us into a room apart, where his *chefs-d'œuvre* are, to shew us a statue we had heard talked of ever since we had been at Rome—his coloured Venus, evidently the pride and darling of his heart. It is a Venus victrix, with the apple in her hand—truly a noble statue. The colouring is very, very slight—a faint flesh-tint; a suspicion of gold in the hair, and tinge of red in the lips; the eyes are blue. It is undeniably an improvement there, for it gives life to the eye. Of course, it approaches nearer to life than the pure white we are accustomed to see; but there is something strange and unearthly in it. Gibson turned it round on the pedestal for us to see, and told the motives that had induced him to make the experiment, chiefly the example of the ancient Greeks, who, he said, invariably coloured their statues as well as their buildings. He spoke almost with pleasure of the violent opposition he was encountering from his brethren in the art, and seemed quite certain of eventually triumphing over all opposition, and that his method would be generally adopted. The Queen's statue is to be coloured, for she had given him permission to do as he liked. It will be the first of the kind seen in England. Before we went, we had heard most exaggerated accounts of the Venus, and I was strongly prejudiced against it, imagining we were going to see something in the style of Madame Tussaud. The reality was so different, and in its peculiar line so beautiful, that I was almost converted; still, I am convinced that the colouring ought to be of the faintest, and should be used by the greatest artists alone. In the same room, there was a beautiful bass-relief, the marriage of Cupid and Psyche. Such sweet faces! It was the duplicate, he told us, of one in the prince's possession, and had been ordered by the Queen as a birthday surprise for him. The generosity with which Gibson spoke of other artists was very pleasant: at the top of his profession himself, he is not averse to allowing talent to others. On taking leave, he gave us the address of Mr Spence, a rising young artist, whose studio was close by, and we proceeded there.

The principal statue here was Highland Mary, which is very popular, and of which we saw several copies in different stages of development. There was an engraving of this in the *Art Journal* a few years ago. It represents the well-known scene of the parting, so familiar in painting, though this is the only instance in statuary: 'The lovers met in a sequestered spot, near the banks of the Ayr, one standing on each side of a small brook, in which they laved their hands, and holding a Bible between them, they swore to be faithful to each other.' The story is well told: the sweet Scotch lassie stands with a plaid over her head, the Bible clasped in her hand, and in her face, slightly bent forward, is the sad shadow of approaching doom, as she thinks of the lover she is never to see again; while a thistle in the rock at her feet marks the spot as Scottish ground. In looking at this beautiful statue, we thought what a pity it is that sculptors do not

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more often, as in this case, diversify their mythological subjects by groups and figures from British history and literature. There was, too, an interesting monumental statue, or rather its plaster-cast—we saw the original a few days afterwards, in the burial-ground which lies so pleasantly in the shadow of the Aurelian walls and the pyramid of Cestius. It is erected to the memory of an English officer, who died at Rome, and is hewn in stone—I suppose that being considered more durable than marble in the open air. The young soldier was represented as if asleep, wrapped in his military-cloak, his sword at his side, and a little dog at his feet.

We were anxious to see the studio of an Italian sculptor, to contrast the works of native artists with those of our countrymen. We were told that one of the first artists now living was Benzeni, and we found his works well worth seeing. He is a tall and handsome man, dressed in exactly the same way as his workmen; he kindly shewed us round, describing the different statues in beautiful language. He seems a man of a devout and religious spirit. His allegorical figure of Religion with the Gospel, is thoroughly Christian in sentiment. Many of his productions are in England; among others, some copies of his beautiful Eve. He spoke of his early years, and pointing to a touching group of an old man raising a forlorn and tattered child, said he had sculptured it as a grateful memento of the support afforded him during his obscurity by a wealthy marchese. Benzeni excels in children. Few who saw the Great Exhibition in 1851, can forget two groups of his there, though possibly they may not remember the sculptor's name. I allude to Fidelity, the dog protecting the sleeping child from the snake; Gratitude, the same child taking a thorn from the dog's foot. These were portraits; and though merely trifles of art as compared with some of its grander inspirations, they attracted as much attention by their grace and ease as any sculpture in the Exhibition.

Several hours had passed, and it was necessary to return home. The morning's pleasant occupation left us with the impression that sculpture is in a very promising state at Rome. It is true that there is no one name pre-eminent, as Thorwaldsen's was some years ago; still the works now produced may vie with those of any age in modern times.

DR KANE'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

Two volumes—forming one of the most beautiful products of the American press—have just been added to the already extensive series which comprises the annals of arctic adventure.* These very remarkable books contain a narrative of the proceedings of the second Grinnell expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, and they are the record of a tale of endurance and noble effort, which has had no parallel, at least since the days when the lamented object of the search made good his retreat from the outskirts of the remorseless frost-land, which now holds him, it is to be feared, for ever in its depths.

The expedition, under the command of Dr Kane, sailed from New York on the 30th of May 1853. It consisted of eighteen chosen men, besides the commander, embarked in a small brig of 144 tons burden, named the *Advance*, which was furnished by Mr Grinnell, other expenses being contributed by Mr Peabody and several generous individuals and societies. Dr Kane's predetermined course was to enter the strait discovered

the previous year by Captain Inglefield, at the top of Baffin Bay, and to push as far northward through it as practicable. He engaged the services of a native Esquimaux, of the name of Hans Christensen, at Fiskernaes, and then crossed Melville Bay, in the wake of the vast icebergs with which the sea is there strewn. These huge frozen masses are often driven one way by a deep current, while the floes are drifted in another by winds and surface-streams, disruptions being thus necessarily caused in the vast ice-fields. The doctor's tactics were to dodge about in the rear of these floating ice-mountains, holding upon them whenever adverse winds were troublesome, and pressing forward whenever an opportunity occurred. This plan was so skilfully and pertinaciously followed, that by the 28th of August, the brig was lodged in a small bay on the eastern coast of Smith's Strait, some forty or fifty miles beyond Captain Inglefield's position. There the *Advance* became untrue to the prestige of her name, for having been snugly placed in the midst of a cluster of islands, she turned into a fixture, and obstinately refused to budge another inch. Where she was berthed in the September of 1853, she now remains.

On the 10th of September, the thermometer was down to 14 degrees of Fahrenheit's scale, and all the fragmentary floes and ice-masses were so cemented together by young ice, that the men could walk and sledge anywhere round the ship. It had therefore become obvious to all concerned, that there remained nothing else to be done but to make the best preparations for the winter that were possible in the circumstances. The hold was unstowed, a storehouse was prepared on one of the islands close by, and a snug deck-house was built over the cabin. A dog-house was also constructed for the accommodation of nine Newfoundland and thirty-five Esquimaux dogs, which formed the quadrupedal element of the expedition. Upon another island, an observatory was erected, a very ingenious plan being adopted for the preparation of an extemporaneous adamant to serve as the piers of the astronomical instruments. Gravel and ice were well rammed down into empty pemmican casks, and there left to be consolidated by the intensity of the cold. They were soon transmuted into a material as free from tremor as the densest rock.

On the 20th of September, seven men were sent out with a sledge to deposit a store of provisions in advance, in preparation for an exploring-party that was in progress of organisation. The party was out twenty-eight days, and succeeded in placing 800 pounds of provision in *cache* a hundred miles towards the north, near the debouchure of a huge glacier, which was discovered shooting out from the Greenland coast over an extent of thirty miles. This was within the eightieth parallel of latitude.

While the advanced-party were absent upon this duty, the commander seized the opportunity to endeavour to rid the brig of a troublesome colony of rats, which had attached themselves to the explorers' fortunes. Three charcoal fires were lit in the fore-peak, and the hatches and bulk-heads hermetically closed. The doctor soon after detected a suspicious odour; and upon looking into the cause, found a square yard of the inner deck one mass of glowing fire, which was extinguished only after great exertion and risk from the mephitic vapour. The result of the experiment was the dead bodies of twenty-eight rats, which the experimentalist gloated over at the time. Before he escaped from his arctic quarters, however, he had learned to be less prodigal of rat-life. Once, upon a more recent occasion, when starting upon a sledge-journey with a companion, he

* *Arctic Explorations. The Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin: 1853 to 1855.* By Elisha Kent Kane, M.D., U.S.N. Philadelphia: Childs and Petersen.

recorded that he had added to the stores, for his own especial consumption, a luxury which consisted of 'a few rats chopped up and frozen into a tallow ball.'

Direct sunlight visited the deck of the brig for the first time on the last day of February, after an absence of 140 days. The earliest trace of dawning twilight was seen as a fleeting dash of orange tint on the southern horizon on the 21st of January. Dr Kane climbed a lofty crag to catch sight of the returning sun on the 21st of February, and describes his nestling there for a few minutes in the sunshine as like 'bathing in perfumed water.' The mean temperature of the month of February in this high latitude of 78 degrees 37 minutes, the most northern station in which any body of civilised men have ever wintered, was 67 degrees below zero. The thermometer occasionally stood 102 degrees below freezing. The mean temperature of the year was two degrees lower than that of Sir Edward Parry's winter-station at Melville Island. The shores and islands were hemmed in, in the spring, by a continuous ice-belt 27 feet thick and 120 feet wide. In sheltered positions, freezing was never intermitted for a single instant throughout the year, and snow was falling on the 21st of June.

During the winter's residence in this severe climate, the interests of science were not overlooked. Besides such observations of the heavenly bodies as were essential for the exact determination of the position of the observatory, a continued series of magnetic observations was made and registered. The doctor gives a very graphic description of the proceedings on what he calls the magnetic 'term-days.' A fur-muffled observer sat upon a box on those momentous days, with a chronometer in his bare hand, and with his eye fixed to a small telescope, noting the position of a fine needle upon a divided arc every six minutes, and registering the observation in a note-book; the process being carried on uninterruptedly by two sets of eyes for twenty-four hours at a stretch.

On the 19th of March, continuous day having set in, a travelling-party was sent off to increase the deposits of provision at the advanced cache. On the 31st, three of the party returned, swollen, haggard, and hardly able to speak. The utmost they had been able to accomplish was the deposit of their burden some fifty miles away from the ship. They had been enveloped in almost impenetrable snow-drifts, and four of their companions were now lying frozen and disabled among the drifting hummocks somewhere to the north-east, with one attendant in better plight to look after them. Almost on the instant, a sledge was prepared, and the strongest of the three broken-down men who had returned was wrapped in dog-skins and furs, and strapped upon it, in the hope that he might be able to render some service as a guide. The gallant chief of the adventurous band, with nine of his fresh men, then harnessed themselves to the sledge, and started off to the rescue, with a tent and food for the disabled sufferers, but carrying nothing else with them saving the clothes upon their backs. The thermometer indicated a temperature 78 degrees below frost. After sixteen hours' incessant travel, it became evident that the rescue-party had lost their way among the hummocks. The guide upon the sledge had fallen asleep from exhaustion, and when they attempted to wake him up, they found that he was in a state of mental derangement, and quite unconscious of what was said to him. In this dilemma, the tent and provisions were deposited upon the ice, and the party dispersed upon the wide floe with the hope that they might providentially strike the trail of the missing band. The poor fellows were here soon seized with trembling fits and short breathing, and almost inadvertently clung to each other. Their brave leader fainted twice upon the snow. They had been eighteen hours out without food or drink, when the Esquimaux, Hans, stumbled upon what seemed, to

his acute senses, a nearly effaced sledge-track. The clue was followed up into deep snow, in a wilderness of hummocks, until at length a small American flag was descried fluttering from a hummock, and near to this, the top of a tent almost buried in the snow-drift. This proved to be the camp of the disabled men. It was reached after an uninterrupted journey of twenty-one hours. The four poor fellows, stretched upon their backs within the tent, repaid the brave man who had come to their rescue by a hearty cheer the instant he appeared, to which was added the assurance that they were 'expecting him, for they were sure he would come.' After a short rest, a bundle of skins was fixed on the sledge for the disabled men, and the return-journey was commenced. The sledge was top-heavy with its living load, and the maimed men could not bear to be tightly lashed upon their bed. Every thing was left behind excepting the coverings necessary for the men; still the load on the sledge amounted altogether to 1100 pounds. When still nine miles away from the tent and food which had been left on the ice as they went out, the entire party began to shew signs of failing energy; the stoutest of the men sank down on the snow-drift, and declared they must sleep. The tent was therefore pitched, and the party left to snatch four hours' repose; while the doctor, with one companion, pushed on to get some hot refreshment ready in the further tent, against the arrival of the rest of their companions. They reached it after four hours' further march, but quite unconscious of what they were doing. All they could afterwards remember was, that they saw a bear moving leisurely just ahead of them, and tearing down the tent before they came up. Almost instinctively, they set the tent up, crawled into their reindeer bags, and slept three hours. When they awoke, the doctor's companion had to separate him from his buffalo-skin by cutting away the beard, which was frozen hard to the fur. The backward-party arrived after some hours' delay, to find a mess of hot soup ready for them. As soon as this was swallowed, the sledge was repacked, and the painful progress renewed. At length the men who were tracking the sledge had to halt every few minutes, and fall down sleeping on the snow. The party finally reached the brig, quite delirious, and devoid of all consciousness of their actions. Their foot-tracks subsequently shewed that, under the strong instinct of self-preservation, they had travelled quite in a bee-line to the ship. Their delirium proved to be only the consequence of exhaustion, and soon yielded to the influence of generous diet and rest. One of the party suffered from blindness for some time; two had to undergo amputation of portions of their feet; two died in consequence of the exposure. The rescue-party was out seventy-two hours, and travelled between eighty and ninety miles, halting only eight hours out of the seventy-two. Such was a veritable incident in the arctic experience of Dr Kane.

Notwithstanding the untoward issue of this pioneer excursion, the intrepid explorer was off with a sledge and seven men on the 26th of April, leaving four able-bodied and six disabled men to keep the brig. His purpose was to proceed to the cache at the foot of the great glacier, load up there with provisions, and then pass onwards along the face of the glacier until an opportunity occurred to cross to the American side of the strait, and press on northward along the western coast. At the cache, however, the unwelcome discovery was made that the bears had been beforehand with the expedition, although the stores were covered by blocks of stone which it required the strength of three men to adjust. The iron casks that had contained the pemmican were broken literally into chips, and tin cases were penetrated by the brutes' claws as if they had been pasteboard. Near to the margin of the great glacier, the attention of the party was forcibly arrested

by a natural plinth and shaft of greenstone, together 760 feet high, standing in the mouth of a magnificent gorge. To this remarkable column, thus reared by the hand of nature within a long day's railway journey of the earth's northern pivot, Dr Kane at once attached the name of Mr Tennyson—the grandeur of the wild solitude forcibly suggesting to the thoughts of the discoverer some of the characteristics of the poet's genius. At the rifled cache the strength of the leader broke down, and he had to be packed upon the sledge, and dragged by his comrades back to the brig, where he arrived on the 14th of May.

Subsequently to this, two other exploring expeditions were successively despatched. The more successful of the two consisted of one of the party named Morton, and the Esquimaux lad Hans. They started with a dog-sledge on the 4th of June, passed along the ice-belt in front of the great glacier, and finally reached a bold cape, close upon the eighty-first parallel of north latitude, which entirely barred all further progress. Having climbed some 480 feet high upon the rocks, Mr Morton unfurled there the flag which Commodore Wilkes had planted on the antarctic continent in the extreme south. No land could be seen on the Greenland side beyond the promontory, but the opposite coast of the strait was distinctly visible for about fifty miles further to the north, ending in a bare truncated peak, to which the name of Sir Edward Parry was given. With a horizon of about forty miles, not a single trace of ice was discoverable; and the ear of the observer, as he stood upon his lofty look-out, was gladdened by the noise of a heavy surf breaking among the rocks at his feet. Melted snow upon the rocks, crowds of marine birds, advanced vegetation, and a high range of the thermometer when immersed in the water, all indicated a far milder climate for the place than that which is experienced three degrees lower in Smith's Strait. This, then, constituted the grand geographical result of the exploration. Instead of the Bay of Baffin forming a *cul de sac*, as the old tradition of the whalers conceived, it leads to a strait—Smith's Strait—which passes on into a channel—Kennedy Channel—that apparently expands into an open polar sea, abounding with life, some 300 miles further to the north than the head of Baffin Bay. The shores of this channel, terminating in the Cape Constitution of Mr Morton, in latitude 81 degrees 22 minutes on the eastern side, and in Sir Edward Parry's peak, about latitude 82 degrees 17 minutes on the western side, had now been delineated and mapped through an extent of 960 miles, at a cost of 2000 miles of travel on foot and in sledges. Mr Morton commenced his return on the 25th of June, and reached the ship on the 10th of July, staggering by the side of the limping dogs, one of which was riding as a passenger upon the sledge.

Dr Kane next made an unsuccessful attempt to communicate with Beechey Island by means of a whale-boat. Soon after his return, it was obvious there would be no possibility of getting the ship liberated from the ice that season. The resolute commander, however, was determined that he would not leave her until he had tried the chances of another year; he consequently gave permission for any of his comrades that wished to make an attempt to escape. Eight of the party decided to remain with their commander, but the rest started southward on the 28th of August, with a liberal share of the general resources. On the 12th of December, the seceders again presented themselves at the brig with fallen crests, having failed to force their way, and having been reduced for two months to subsist entirely on frozen seal and walrus meat, chiefly procured from the Etah Esquimaux.

To return, however, to the month of August. When the diminished party were abandoned by their

comrades, they set to work in good earnest to make preparations for another long sunless winter. They had only thirty buckets of coal on hand; Dr Kane therefore endeavoured to follow the example set by the natives of the region, and convert the brig into an Esquimaux *igloo*. A small apartment was constructed amid-ships below, which could only be entered from the hold by a long narrow tunnel, or *tossut*. The walls and ceiling were thickly padded with frozen moss. In this close apartment the entire party had ultimately to endure all the wretchedness of scurvy, burning the ropes, spars, and finally the outer shell of the brig, for fuel, and yet having to limit themselves to a consumption of eighty pounds per day. On the 14th of January, Dr Kane congratulated himself that in *five more days* the mid-day sun would be only 'eight degrees below the horizon.' On the 9th of February, he wrote in his journal, 'it is enough to solemnise men of more joyous temperament than ours has been for some months. We are contending at odds with angry forces close around us, without one agent or influence within 1800 miles whose sympathy is on our side.' There were no star-observations this winter; the observatory had become the mausoleum of the two of the party who had succumbed after the excursion in the snow-drift. In the beginning of March, every man on board was tainted with scurvy, and often not more than three were able to make exertion in behalf of the rest. On the 4th of the month, the last remnant of fresh meat was doled out, and the invalids began to sink rapidly. Their lives were only saved by the success of a forlorn-hope excursion of Hans to the remote Esquimaux hunting-station Etah, seventy-five miles away, whither he went in search of walrus. With the return of the sun, the commander began to busy himself, first with attempts to recruit the store of fresh meat—a task in which he was mainly aided by a hunting treaty he had concluded with the Esquimaux—and then with preparations for abandoning the ship. Two whale-boats were fixed upon sledges, and on the 17th of May the march was commenced, the men dragging each boat alternately, and making a progress of a mile and a half per day. The doctor himself carried forward the necessities for loading the boats, and brought up the sick men of the party, by the help of a small Esquimaux dog-team which he had managed to preserve, besides keeping up the supplies along the line of march. This team of already well-worn dogs carried the doctor and a heavily laden sledge backwards and forwards 800 miles during the first fortnight after the abandoning of the ship—a mean distance of fifty-seven miles per day.

The retreating-party were greatly cheered and aided in their labours by the countenance of their Esquimaux friends, who now brought them daily supplies of fresh birds, and occasionally took a share in the work. One man alone of the party was lost on the route: he died in consequence of a hurt experienced by accident. The whale-boats were finally launched into the water, and loaded, on the 18th of June, after an ice-portage of eighty-one miles, accomplished in thirty-one days. The boat-parties then made their way, in the midst of great difficulties, and often through imminent peril. During thirteen days, they were beset in the dense pack-ice interposed between the north and south waters of Baffin Bay, and moving alternately over ice and through water. Twice they escaped destruction very narrowly, by taking refuge from gales on cliffs that were providentially covered with scurvy-grass, and multitudes of the breeding eider-duck. Upon one of these occasions, the men gathered 1200 eggs per day. On the 6th of August, the party finally reached the Danish settlement of Upernavik, after a prolonged voyage of fifty-two days. Five weeks subsequently, they were all safely received on board the

United States vessels *Release* and *Arctic*, which had been prosecuting a search for the missing party, about the head of Baffin Bay, since the beginning of July.

Dr Kane's volumes are illustrated by more than 800 engravings and wood-cuts, made from his own sketches. Some of the engravings express the peculiar characteristics of high arctic latitudes very beautifully. The book itself is above all common praise, on account of the simple, manly, unaffected style in which the narrative of arduous enterprise and firm endurance is told. It is obviously a faithful record of occurrences, made by a man who was quite aware that what he had to tell needed no extraneous embellishment. There is, however, so much of artistic order in the mind of the narrator, that the unvarnished record has naturally shaped itself into a work of distinguished excellence upon literary grounds. The scenes which it describes are so vividly and vigorously brought before the reader, that there are few who sit down to the perusal of the narrative but will fancy, before they rise from the engrossing occupation, their own flesh paralysed by the cold 100 degrees greater than frost, and their blood scurvy-filled by the four months' sunlessness. It is only just also to remark, that there is unmistakable evidence in the pages of this interesting book that the doctor was no less eminently gifted for the duties of his command than he has been happy in his relation of its history. Every step in his arduous path seems to have been taken only after the exercise of deliberately matured forethought. A few illustrations must be gleaned from the many that are scattered through the pages of his journal, to direct attention to this honourable characteristic. When the doctor had formed his own resolution to remain by the brig through the second winter, he made the following entry, under the date of August 22: 'I shall call the officers and crew together, and make known to them very fully how things look, and what hazards must attend such an effort as has been proposed among them. They shall have my views unequivocally expressed. I will then give them twenty-four hours to deliberate; and at the end of that time, all who determine to go shall say so in writing, with a full exposition of the circumstances of the case. They shall have the best outfit I can give, an abundant share of our remnant stores, and my good-bye blessing.' On the 6th of April, the Esquimaux auxiliary, Hans, was gone to Etah with a sledge, to seek a supply of walrus-meat, when one of the men deserted from the ship, and the commander suspected, with some sinister design upon Hans and the sledge. He then wrote: 'Clearly, duty to this poor boy calls me to seek him, and clearly, duty to these dependent men calls me to stay. Long and uncomfortably have I pondered over these opposing calls, but at last have come to a determination. Hans was faithful to me: the danger to him is imminent, the danger to those left behind only contingent upon my failure to return. With earnest trust in that same Supervising Agency which has so often before, in graver straits, interfered to protect and carry me through, I have resolved to go after Hans.' The Esquimaux lad was proof both against the violence and the seduction of the deserter. The commander found him invalided, but safe, at Etah. Hans, however, did not return to Fiskerneas with the expedition. His fate is involved in romance. Venus Victrix has a representative even in frost-land. The reader must go to the pages of Dr Kane to know what became of Hans.

When the preparations for the final escape were under consideration, the following record was made in the doctor's journal: 'Whatever of executive ability I have picked up during this brain-and-body wearying cruise, warns me against immature preparation or vacillating purposes. I must have an exact discipline, a rigid routine, and a perfectly thought-out organisation. For the past six weeks I have, in the intervals

between my duties to the sick and the ship, arranged the schedule of our future course; much of it is already under way. My journal shows what I have done, but what there is to do is appalling.' Appalling as it was, the heroic man who had to look the necessity in the face was equal to the position. There can be no doubt that it was 'the exact discipline, the rigid routine, and the perfectly thought-out organisation,' which restored the sixteen survivors of the expedition to civilisation and their homes.

'PAS ENCORE.'

DURING one of our annual visits to Marston Manor, we were all assembled one evening round a magnificent fire in the library. It was a true winter-day; outside,

The wind and rain beat dark December;

and in the hush which had gradually fallen over the party, the sobbing of the wind, and dash of the rain-drops against the huge panes of glass, were mournfully audible. Portia Marston, whose buoyant spirit always rebelled against gloom, spoke first.

'We are as dull as dreaming opium-eaters this afternoon. Let us do something to amuse ourselves till the dressing-bell rings.'

'What shall it be?' was the question. 'Shall we tell stories?'

'Of course'—clapping her hands in delight—'every one shall contribute her or his memories of life. Some remarkable incident must have happened to everybody. Mademoiselle'—turning to a French lady who sat next her—'your face has an expression that convinces me you can a tale unfold, if you will. Please begin.'

Mademoiselle protested at first that story-telling was not her forte, and that she would rather take the rôle of a good listener; but her objections were overruled by the united voices of her companions, and at length she complied, and related to us the following incident of her early life, assuring us of its truth:—

My father and mother were, as you well know, of that ancient French aristocracy who suffered for their king and church in the terrible Revolution. They were both children of emigrants; and when their families were restored, with the Bourbons, they were married to each other by their parents' desire. But, like your own cavaliers, the once wealthy noblesse of France never fully recovered the possessions they had lost. We were very poor; and it was consequently with a great deal of pleasure that my father read a letter from an old aunt of his own, who was rich and childless, offering to make me her heiress, if, on acquaintance, she should like me. I was to be sent to her as soon as possible; and if she approved of my manners and disposition, I was to reside with her, as her adopted daughter, till her death. I cannot say I was at all pleased at the idea of leaving that dear Paris, and entombing myself in an old château; but—*que faire?*—it was the will of my parents, and I might not dispute it. I was consequently despatched with all convenient speed to my ancient relative, and arrived safely, after rather a tedious journey, at her house, having been escorted thither by a gentleman who was her neighbour, on his return home. It was such an old house—built, they said, by Vauban; and certainly there were traces of fortification about it. The domestics looked as if they had waited on Noah, and survived the Deluge. One of these antiquities ushered me into my aunt's presence. She was seated in an immense saloon, near a stove—for it was cold—and had, like her apartment, a certain air of faded grandeur. She retained the dress of the court-days of Louis Seize; her hair was dressed à la Marie Antoinette, and she was highly rouged. She received me with an

expression of sensibility that rather entertained than touched me, seeing she had so long ignored my existence and that of my father.

After her embraces and welcomes were ended, she turned and introduced me to an old lady who sat near her, bending over an embroidery-frame. It was Madame de Bernis, her friend and *dame de compagnie*. She was a great deal older than my aunt, and had a terrible face; it haunts my dreams sometimes even now. Her nose and chin nearly met; her cheeks were sunken, her hair white as snow; she also was highly rouged, and the colour gave a false lustre to a large pair of cold faded blue eyes, which once seen could never be forgotten.

'Madame de Bernis,' said my aunt, in a low voice, 'has been my faithful companion for thirty years; if she were not so much older than myself, I should have left her my fortune, but it is quite unlikely that she should survive me. You need not look at me so wonderingly. In addition to her many infirmities, she is deaf, and hears not a word we say.'

Supper was now announced, and when the meal was finished, my aunt asked me if I would not like to go to bed, as I must be tired with my journey.

'I hope you are not timid,' she said, as she bade me good-night; 'I like' courage even in a young girl. However, your room is separated from mine only by the picture-gallery, and you can come to me if you feel alarmed.'

Now, by character, I am very timid, though at the moment I did not like to avow it, and my transit from my aunt's chamber, through a gallery of staring, faded portraits, did not tend to encourage me. The room destined for my own occupation was a large one, entirely hung round with mirrors. Whichever way I turned, I beheld a shadowy mimic on the walls, the movement along which became so painful to me, that I hurried into bed, although the couch, placed in an alcove, looked so dark and solemn after my little Paris bed, that I had at first shrunk from it.

I had been asleep about an hour or two, when a slight rustling noise awoke me. I looked up, and to my horror saw my aunt's *dame de compagnie*, Madame de Bernis, sitting beside the bed. Her cold still eyes were fixed on me, looking, if possible, more ghastly than by day, and in her hand she held a very bright clasp-knife, open. I was so terrified I could neither speak nor move, but lay watching her, whilst she never took her eyes off me. Every now and then she passed her finger along the edge of the knife, as if to feel if it were sharp enough, then muttering 'Pas encore,' let it drop again on her lap.

Mes amies, I cannot tell you half my fear. Nothing in the whole course of my after-life has ever equalled the horror of that hour. I thought a prayer; I could not utter a sound, not even a cry for help. So passed a period of time which seemed to me an eternity. At length once more muttering 'Pas encore,' she rose, descended from the alcove, and disappeared in the large dark chamber; for my night-light sufficed only to enlighten the recess. I fainted. When I recovered my senses, it was daylight; the cold gray dawn was stealing through the *jalousies*; I shivered, and felt so ill, I could scarcely move. At length my aunt's *femme de chambre* came to assist at my morning toilet, and I told her all my night's misery. She smiled incredulously, and observed that

'Mademoiselle must have had a disagreeable dream. There was no entrance or egress from her room, save through madame's, and Madame de Bernis slept in the other wing of the chateau, and was very lame.'

Her words could not, however, convince me against the evidence of my senses. At breakfast, I told my aunt everything; but she also refused to believe it was anything but a dream, 'a fancy, an indigestion.'

A gloom possessed my mind the whole day.

Naturally, I was *enjouée*, and amusing; I was now absent, sad, and dull. Madame de Vergnier, my aunt, did not find her *boudoir* greatly enlivened by her young guest. She did her best, good lady, to divert my mind, but one does not easily recover from such a shock of the nerves.

It was with inexpressible horror I saw night approach; and at length, unable to bear the idea of sleeping alone again, I supplicated my aunt to let her maid stay with me all night. She seemed a little vexed and discomposed at the request, but assented to it nevertheless; and Agathe, a pretty, nice-mannered brunette, was to be my companion for the nonce.

I fell asleep, tolerably confident of safety; but awoke again at the same hour, to behold once more that terrible apparition—again that cold gray glance—again that glittering knife—again that hissing murmur of 'Pas encore.' In an agony of horror, I shook the girl sleeping beside me.

'Look, look, Agathe—she is there!' The aroused sleeper rubbed her eyes, yawned heavily, and then looking lazily round, exclaimed:

'Mais, qu'est-ce que c'est, mademoiselle?'

I pointed in horror to the old woman. She replied, in answer to the gesture: 'Je ne vois rien.'

Could it be possible? I passed my hand over my eyes; when I removed it, she was gone; and, overpowered by the conviction that I had beheld a visitant from the world of spirits, I fell into a violent fit of hysterics. Agathe went and called my aunt, and related all she knew of the cause of my seizure. Madame de Vergnier was astonished, and even angry.

'The child must be a *folle*,' she said. 'Madame de Bernis was alive; it could not therefore be her ghost. She could not tell what was to be done.'

I was too ill to leave my bed till late in the day, and I need scarcely tell you how I dreaded returning to it. I entreated my aunt to let me sleep in some other room, and though she was vexed at the trouble and disarrangement, she permitted it, and assigned me a dressing-room outside her own room, but not opening into it.

It was small, comfortable-looking, and reminded me of my own little chamber in the Rue de la Ferme des Mathurins. I hoped that here, at least, I should be at peace. But no. About midnight, that awful rustling of silk awoke me, and once more my eyes opened upon the cold gray eyes and the glittering steel; once more I heard that awful whisper, 'Pas encore.'

Then came that long, horrid watch of both of us, followed, on my part—when again she disappeared—by a sort of delirium. Under its influence, I rose as soon as it was dawn, dressed myself, and stole down stairs. An old porter had just opened the hall-door; I brushed hastily past him, ran down the steps, and hurried up the avenue. I have no recollection of what followed, till I found myself in a strange room and in another house. A nurse was sitting by the bedside, and a table with medicine bottles, &c., testified to the fact that I had been very ill. I fancied I had had a horrid dream, and asked my attendant where I was, and where mamma was. She uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, and went out of the room.

In a few minutes she returned with my mother, who shed tears of delight over me as she embraced me. After a time, I learned from them that I had been found insensible on the steps of my fellow-traveller's door, and recognising me, he had had me brought in, and sent for a doctor. The physician had found me delirious, and pronounced me in a brain fever; from which I had just recovered, though every one had despaired of my life. My parents had been sent for by my aunt, as soon as she heard of my escape and discovery; and she told them I had given symptoms of the approaching disease by fancying that I was haunted by her old *dame de compagnie*. My mother

added that I had never ceased crying out, during the period of my delirium, 'Pas encore.'

With a profound shudder, I heard the words, and recalled my past mental sufferings. I related my tale to mamma, and—judge of my distress and annoyance—she heard it as the ravings of returning delirium, or the vision of a troubled brain! In addition to the torture I had endured, I had to support the mortification of being heard with incredulity.

'But was it really only a delirium?' asked Portia. You shall hear. My aunt, when I recovered, shewed no wish for a renewal of my visit; nor would all the gold of Mexico have induced me to sleep beneath her roof again; therefore my parents took me back to Paris, under the impression that my chance of being a rich heiress was ended.

Three years afterwards, came another letter from Madame de Vergnier: she wrote to apologise for my sufferings, and at the same time to acknowledge their reality. Madame de Bernis was dead, and when in *extremis* had sent for her benefactress, and confessed that she had actually sat beside my bed, night after night, in hopes of terrifying me away, and becoming herself my aunt's heiress. She had bribed the femme de chambre to take part in this nefarious plot, which might have destroyed either my life or reason, and now repented of it, and implored forgiveness. Madame de Vergnier was much shocked; she confronted the maid with the dying woman, and fully ascertained the truth of the confession. The woman had been dismissed without a character, and Madame de Bernis was gone to answer for her crime at a higher tribunal. We were all invited, now, to the château, and accepted the invitation. I was a little nervous the first night, but I got over it after a time, and we were all very happy together. Madame de Vergnier left me her fortune; but I think I paid a fearful price to win it. For many a year afterwards, I could never hear without a shudder those (to me) awful words, 'Pas encore!'

A CHAPTER ON GLOVES.

ALL writers, whether great or small, have a disposition to cherish with peculiar tenderness the subject which, for the time being, has become their own by adoption—a tendency which sometimes leads them to magnify its importance a little unduly. We shall no doubt be considered, at a glance, to afford a humble example of the common weakness, in claiming for our subject the pre-eminence in dignity, over every other class of wearing gear, whatever may be its outward pretensions. But, in self-defence, we would remind the reader that there is a moral no less than a physical dignity, and that it is the former we would attach to this little article of costume. For if it has been less absolutely essential than most of the other items in the catalogue—if, in short, it has done but little hard work in the world, it has more than made amends by the fair and graceful service it has rendered, as the representative of human feelings. The glove has served at various times as the token of love, friendship, and constancy; the pledge of loyalty, and the emblem of faith. If it has also been made the symbol of hatred and defiance; nay, even the treacherous messenger of death, the blame lies with those who winged the arrow, not with the shaft itself; and if, in these degenerate days, a glove is a glove, and nothing more, the least we can do is to allow it the prestige of former glories, since our own matter-of-fact ways are alone responsible for their decay.

The first historical allusion to the glove may be referred back to the Old Testament; so at least would say those who consider that the Hebrew word *nangal* (signifying to shut, to enclose), translated in our version as shoe, would be more correctly rendered by the term glove, except where followed by *regel* (foot),

which of course determines the meaning. An instance may be given in the passage from the fourth chapter of Ruth: 'Now this was the manner in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm all things: a man plucked off his shoe [or glove], and gave it to his neighbour: and this was a testimony in Israel.' Also in the denunciatory expression from the 108th Psalm: 'Over Edom will I cast out my shoe.' For the new reading in these cases we have the authority of the Chaldean and of a celebrated German version, the former giving us a phrase signifying 'case or covering for the right hand,' and the latter, *handschuh*, as equivalent to the original. The Rabbinical writings, both ancient and modern, take this view of the matter; and confirmatory testimony is to be found in Favyn's *Annales de Chevalerie* (Paris, 1620), where the author observes that the practice of throwing the glove is derived from eastern nations, who, in all sales or delivery of lands, gave a glove by way of livery or investiture. The existence of the glove, therefore, in these very remote times may be accepted as sufficiently well proven; likewise the fact that it was adapted from the first to those symbolical forms with which we shall find it so constantly associated.

Various chance references in Homer and Xenophon assure us that neither Greeks nor Persians went altogether gloveless in their day; but it may be, as their records deal chiefly with feats of arms, that they constituted only a portion of the warlike panoply, and were not generally dissociated from it. Among the Romans, however, we may conclude that gloves found favour with different ranks and classes. Purple gloves, ornamented with pearls and precious stones, are alluded to in history as ensigns of imperial dignity. Varro remarks, in one of his Treatises, 'that olives gathered by the naked hand are preferable to those plucked with the glove on;' and an epistle of Pliny the younger has handed down to us the information, that a certain amanuensis, who always accompanied his uncle, with a book and all the implements for writing, wore gloves upon his hands in winter, lest the severity of the weather should cause him to lose any time. From this particular anecdote it may be inferred that the earliest form extant—namely, a sort of bag without fingers, in the style recently worn by young children—had taken, ere then, an improved and more convenient shape, or it would scarcely have facilitated the occupation of a scribe.

The annals of France afford the earliest evidence of any legal enactment having reference to our subject. The one in question bears date 790, at which time Charlemagne granted to the abbot and monks of Sithin unlimited licence to hunt, for the express purpose of providing themselves with the deer-skins, from which were manufactured gloves, girdles, and cases for their illuminated missals. No doubt they supplied, in acknowledgment of such privilege, the renowned glove, the forefinger of which, dipped in ink, served as the common sign-manual of their illustrious patron. Amongst the many different employments carried on in monasteries during these earlier ages of the church, those of leather-dressing and glove-making were evidently no uncommon ones, but still the production was not abundant enough to do more than benefit the most aristocratic of profane hands, in addition to those of the reverend brotherhood, whose wants were of course first attended to. There is a legend of a fair saint, Gudula by name, who died in 812, which records that as she was on one occasion praying barefooted, a monk compassionately placed his gloves beneath her feet. The loan was, however, rejected by the rigorous self-denial of the saint, and she flung away the gloves, which are said to have remained miraculously suspended in the air for the space of an hour and a half. It would appear that our monkish glovers not only

supplied themselves liberally, but were in the habit of reserving the choicest wares for their own consumption. This proceeding aroused the interference of the bishops, and in the year 820, a solemn edict of the council of Aix secured for these dignitaries the exclusive privilege of wearing deer-skin. All abbots, monks, and inferior clergy, were thus restricted to sheep-skin gloves, which probably held a position somewhat analogous to that of the despised 'Berlins' at the present day; for, unfortunately, the skill of the leather-dresser did not then, as now, enable him to disguise one material under the semblance of another. It seems likely that France much preceded England in the adoption of this refinement of costume, and that it was generally introduced here by the example of the Normans, albeit the Saxon derivation of the word might be thought to tell a different tale. In the third reign of the Norman dynasty, at anyrate, occurs the first allusion in English history to gloves, or rather to the lack of them, in the case of the Bishop of Durham, who, in sliding down a rope to escape from the Tower, injured his hands very severely in consequence of having forgotten his gloves. These, by virtue of his clerical rank, would probably have been scarlet ones, if we may judge at least from the examples of this colour to be met with in the early monumental effigies of the sons of the church. Such stately records afford also representations of the jewelled glove, a feature of the regal attire which the monarch carried with him to the grave. This custom was so thoroughly established in the twelfth century, that the exception, in the case of Edward I., was considered a remarkable fact at the time of its discovery. The gloves of Edward the Black Prince are, as the reader may be aware, suspended over his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral; and various country churches would, some years ago, have presented to public view these memorials of some knightly lord of the manor who had been mouldering in the dust for ages. The modern practice of bearing the gauntlets, together with the spurs and sword, of a horse-soldier, on the coffin or at the saddle-bow on the occasion of his burial, is therefore one of the few remnants of chivalric usages. The church of Bolton, in Wharfedale, immortalised by Wordsworth in his *White Doe of Rylstone*, contained, in 1825, some interesting though very humble and peaceful relics of the same description, in the shape of white paper gloves, which had from time to time accompanied the remains of young girls, and been deposited by the mourners in their permanent resting-place. There they lay side by side, some dropping to pieces from the effects of time and dust, one pair alone pure and unsullied, which had been added to the row in memory of the last of that gentle sisterhood then reposing in the quiet churchyard.

Although up to the fourteenth century gloves were by no means rare, they constituted rather an item in the clerical, military, and courtly official dress, than in the ordinary social attire of the English nation. But it was perhaps at this epoch their symbolical importance was at its highest, for very few august ceremonials occurred in which they did not bear an honourable and prominent part. We learn, for example, from the records of the French parliament, that in 1294, the Earl of Flanders, by the delivery of a glove into the hand of Philip the Fair, gave him possession of Bruges, Ghent, and the other godly towns of Flanders; and it was indeed recognised throughout Europe as the proper token of investiture. Matthew Paris alludes to it some fifty years earlier as the established gage of duel; but the romance of *Ivanhoe* has probably done far more to familiarise us with this view of our subject, by presenting it as a feature in the trial-scene of Rebecca before the Templars. The defiance by the glove in the middle ages is, of course, too completely a characteristic of the times, to require especial notice,

but it assumes a more curious aspect when associated with tokens of comparative civilisation. In the life of the Rev. Bernard Gilpin, it is related, in connection with the customs of the northern Borderers, that he observed a glove hanging up high in the church where he was preaching, placed there in consequence of a deadly feud prevailing in the neighbourhood, and serving as a token of defiance by the owner, who dared to mortal combat any one bold enough to take it down. It will seem almost incredible that up to the present century the ancient law which permitted an accused person to avert his sentence, by the demand for trial by combat, was actually unrepealed, and that it should have been acted upon so recently as the year 1818; yet so it was. A person named Abraham Thornton was brought up before the King's Bench, charged with the murder of a young woman, whose brother, William Ashford, came forward as his accuser. After various demands for time, employed, no doubt, and not unprofitably, as the event proved, in an examination of the criminal laws of England, the defendant pleaded not guilty, adding: 'And I am ready to defend the same by my body;' whereupon, taking off his glove, he threw it on the floor of the court, in token of defiance. The position must have been an embarrassing one to the authorities; but the law was in full force, and there was no gainsaying it. Accordingly, on the refusal of the accuser, who was a mere lad, to support his charge by personal combat, the challenger was set at liberty, and justice evaded. The legislature took instant measures to avoid a repetition of this mode of defence: the statute was repealed; and thus ended the ancient trial and ordeal by battle, which had existed for more than eight centuries in this country.

The epoch at which gloves, as gloves, first came into common use was the reign of Edward IV., who had more time and inclination than any of his immediate predecessors to devote himself to the niceties of costume. He proved himself a steady friend to the gloves, then a rising and respectable fraternity, doing them the substantial favour of forbidding the importation of foreign goods, granting the honour of a coat-of-arms, and patronising their wares in his own person to the extent of seventeen dozen and a half in one year, as his private accounts will testify. The privy-purse expenses of Henry VIII. include various items of this kind, and certain entries give full particulars of his purchases—the following, for instance:—'Paied Jacson for a douzin and halfe of Spanyshe gloves vijs vjd.' 'Paied the same daye to Jacson for certain gloves fetched by the sergeant apotycary iijls xd.' In another record, 'two payer of gloves' are valued at xs; but the differences in the style of finishing the article would account for any variation of price. We may here allude to a celebrated instance of the tenure of lands by a glove, which originated during the reign of the Merry Monarch, and is worthy of remark, inasmuch as it affects the ceremonials of a royal coronation, even to the present day. The site of the ancient monastery of Worksope was presented, soon after the dissolution of religious houses, to the Earl of Shrewsbury, to be held in capite by the annual payment of a small sum of money, the royal service of finding the king a right-hand glove at his coronation, and supporting his arm so long as he might hold the sceptre. This duty has been faithfully performed ever since, and has now devolved on the Duke of Norfolk as lord of the manor of Worksope. The championship of England, which involves the throwing down of a gauntlet or glove in a more advanced stage of the same ceremony, and the delivery of a set form of challenge, is also attached to a particular estate, and has been for centuries invested in the Dymocke family as lords of the manor of Scivelaby, inherited from the Marmions. It may be noticed *en passant* that gloves

were not excluded from the coronation of the French sovereigns, who were in the habit of receiving a pair blessed by the archbishop, as an emblem of secure possession. This custom, however, was in vogue previously to the Revolution; since that epoch, the offering with its original meaning would have been indeed a mockery.

The writers of the Elizabethan era provide abundant illustration of the various uses and significations of the glove in their own day. Ben Jonson, in his *Silent Woman*, associates them with marriage festivities in the following passage:—

Wee see no ensignes of a wedding here.

Where be our skarves and gloves?

Dekker also refers to the 'white innocent wedding-gloves.' Shakespeare, putting into the mouth of Master Slender the expression: 'Ay, by these gloves 'twas he!' proves them to have been used in social intercourse, as a form of mild and polite asseveration; whilst the allusions to the glove of the 'dearlyng' worn by the lover in his hat, are too frequent and commonplace to need recapitulation. Beaumont and Fletcher, in their *Scornfull Lady*, even mention the ordinary market-price as being half-a-crown a pair—a coincidence with the present state of things which might startle those who omitted to consider the difference in the standard value of money at different times. The private accounts of the Virgin Queen, though very minute, afford no entries of expenditure in gloves—an article of dress in which she is known to have taken especial pleasure. The inference is, that she subsisted on the contributions of her faithful subjects, which poured in very liberally during this and the following reign. Such observations as the following occur not unfrequently in Nichols's *Royal Progresses*: 'Three Italians came unto the queen, and presented her each with a pair of sweet gloves.' 'Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, the first person who brought embroidered gloves into England, presented a pair to the queen, who took such pleasure in the gift, that she was pictured with them in her hand.' The 'embroidered' and 'sweet' gloves here referred to had been recently introduced into this country from Spain and Venice, which excelled all other seats of the trade in the delicacy of their productions, and likewise imparted to them the additional charm of a fragrant scent. But the perfumed glove has ever had an evil reputation, from the circumstance that it was not unfrequently used as an agent in the conveyance of poison. The Queen of Navarre, having received a pair from the court of France, and accepted them as a pledge of safe-conduct, met her death by their means—a fate which is also supposed to have befallen the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées. The modern French manufacturers, taking a hint from the former practice of continental craftsmen, were in the habit very recently of attempting to impart a fragrance to some of their gloves; but failing in the abstruse chemical knowledge which distinguished the Italians, they used a preparation of myrtle leaves, that quickly evaporated on exposure to the air.

During the reign of James I., offerings of the kind which found such favour with his predecessor, became more and more in vogue, as tokens of loyalty and respect; and it would seem that our own manufacture had advanced to a point which admitted of its patronage even in these exceptional cases. Whilst this monarch was at Woodstock in 1616, the chancellor of Oxford and certain heads of houses, proctors, and others, went to do their obedience, after which they presented to himself and certain of the nobles very rich gloves made in their own district. This example was followed by the rival university, which is recorded to have 'bestowed shortly afterwards upon the chancellor a pair of gloves which cost forty-four shillings, and another upon my lord of Walden of ten shillings

price.' The university is said to have 'presented no more at that time, in regard there were so many great ones of quality; but the next day, the two bishops of London and Durham staying in the town all night, the vice-chancellor and some of the heads went unto them, and presented them with gloves, about twelve shillings or a mark a pair.' In these accounts we see the intrinsic value of the article nicely proportioned to the temporal importance of the receiver; but in many of the gift-gloves transferred from hand to hand in these somewhat venal ages, more passed than met the eye. The time-honoured custom, still observed, of presenting the judges with white gloves at a maiden assize, may have been originally designed as some small compensation for the usual offerings of plaintiff and defendant; at least if the following anecdote is to be accepted as the illustration of a general practice:—A certain suitor in Chancery whose cause had been favourably decided by Sir Thomas More, presented him, on the succeeding New-year's Day, with a pair of gloves containing L.40 in gold, as an evidence of her gratitude. This upright judge accepted the gloves, but refused the money, saying: 'I take the gloves, as it would be against all good-manners to refuse a lady's New-year's gift; but the lining you will be pleased to bestow elsewhere.' This application of the glove to the purposes of a purse is still officially recognised at Christ's Hospital, where the collection made on St Matthew's day towards the expense of supporting the Grecians at the university, is gathered according to the old traditions of the institution. *A propos* of traditions, it is perhaps time that those relating to our subject should come to an end. Its matter-of-fact phase is not without interest, and we should therefore give a glance at the development and characteristics of the trade connected with it.

The link established in our minds, by one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, between the 'fair town of Perth' and the art of glove-making, guides us one step onward in its history. Here it was, and at the very period of the story, that its craftsmen first became an incorporated body under the title of the Glovers of Perth. They had their day of prosperity, but as the sun rose, so it declined; and glove-making has latterly taken flight, and settled in the neighbouring and rival town of Dundee. The fraternity of London glovers was not officially recognised as a company until the time of Charles I. Strong representations were then made respecting the abuses which had crept little by little into the trade; and in 1638 a charter was granted to its respectable members, conferring extensive privileges, and among others, that of searching for and destroying bad and defective skins. The first master of the Glovers' Company was one William Smart, of the parish of St Giles, Cripplegate, a neighbourhood then greatly frequented by workmen of this class. Deer and sheep skins were the materials chiefly used in their occupation, which included also the fashioning of leathern doublets and other articles of the same character. On the introduction of kid, however, they abandoned the less delicate substances on which they had been wont to exercise their skill, and sent forth a very *recherché* kind of glove known as the 'London town-made.' The estimated quantity produced in the metropolis twenty years ago was 50,000 dozen, requiring the labour of some 1500 or 1700 persons; but of late this industrial art, in common with others, has taken flight to more convenient quarters, and London now serves rather as a mart for the wares than a seat of production.

Previously to 1825, the manufacture in question conduced to the prosperity of many districts of Great Britain which now know it no more. But that epoch witnessed the admission of French goods into England at a reduced duty, a measure that for a time acted very disadvantageously on the fortunes of the national trade;

albeit since then the ill effects have been softened, and the advantages developed. Several Irish towns, for instance, once noted for this business, were compelled to abandon it as unprofitable; and even the once famous Limerick gloves would scarcely be known even by reputation at the present day, had they not been specially distinguished by Miss Edgeworth's pen. It may be worth while to notice that they were made of 'morts' or 'slinks'—namely, the skins of very young lambs, calves, or kids, collected by a class of higgiers who traversed the country for the purpose. Delicacy of texture formed their chief claim to distinction, and a pair of first-rate quality could be enclosed in a walnut-shell, which acted as a sort of test. Unlike every other kind of glove, they were smooth inside, and were not the less in request that they were considered to impart fresh softness and beauty to the hand of the wearer. Of the English districts formerly associated with the glove's art, many have also disappeared from view. Ludlow, that once employed 1000 persons, required, in 1832, only the services of half-a-dozen—a state of things synonymous with the extinction of the trade. Leominster and Hereford, which had likewise had a profitable sale for beaver as well as leather gloves, found themselves in much the same plight. York, formerly remarkable for an excellent glove called 'York tans,' and for very fine specimens of the Limerick, was compelled to give up the manufacture of native skins, which in all these places had been the material dealt in, to the great benefit of the agriculturist.

The districts which have kept their ground up to the present day are therefore those of Worcester, Woodstock, Yeovil, and Torrington. The two last, districts of Somersetshire and Devonshire, though taking somewhat lower rank as dealing largely in second-class and inferior orders of gloves, are by far the most active and important. They would employ, perhaps, 15,000 or 16,000 female sewers, where the more exclusive rival towns could give occupation to only 5000 or 6000. The reason probably is, that the quality of their productions does not, by coming into competition with the best French goods, demand the expensive importation of rare material from the continent, but admits the cutting up of native skins, and of the foreign ones most easily attainable. Thus, a very large proportion of the gloves called kid, and worn under the fond delusion that they are such, are in reality lamb or even calf skin, since large quantities of the latter are shipped annually at the Prussian port of Memel, on the Baltic, to be employed in this business. The first-class quality of English gloves, which frequently equal in appearance, and generally surpass in durability, all others, are made in and about Worcester, where the work is known to have been carried on for more than three centuries. Here the great London firms, whose names serve as a sort of stamp on their wares, have their manufactories; and these afford employment to the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, and furnish the waterooms of the dingy head-quarters in Wood Street, Cheapside, whence the commodity is dispersed abroad. The number of master manufacturers in Worcester was formerly 140, but is now under ten. The concentrative spirit of trade at the present day may have something to do with this change, for it must be acknowledged that those few who remain continue their operations upon a scale which would have excited the amazement and consternation of their forefathers; however, they still retain their original dislike to the change of law which enabled the Frenchman, using his own skins, to compete advantageously with those who were obliged to obtain their material from Italy and the south of France.

The preliminary process of dressing the leather has the same features both here and abroad; but there are two different methods pursued, according to the nature

of the result desired. In the one case it is 'manufactured,' as the term goes, by the repeated application of cod-oil, alternating with a system of beating in fulling-mills, and drying by exposure to the air. About ten repetitions suffice to saturate the skins sufficiently; they then remain in tubs till natural fermentation ensues, when they are washed in a strong alkali, and finally display a softness and elasticity which they were far from presenting before. This oil-leather, made from sheep and lamb skins, is cut up at Woodstock in large quantities, for the riding-gloves of which that neighbourhood has the monopoly. It is likewise used for military gloves, made at Hexham; and varieties of it constitute the material of the soft thick kinds, still popular among gentlemen of the country school, though less universally worn than in the days when the *sine quâ non* of the dandy was uniformity between his gloves, boot-tops, and certain other articles of dress which have since been superseded. The other system of leather-dressing applies to kid-gloves, and all that answer to the name, and is carried on in this wise: the skin, having been first softened in lime-water, has to be frequently washed and worked in pure water, and afterwards in fermented bran liquor. By means of yolks of eggs, flour, alum, and salt, it is made into soft 'plump' leather, then dried, worked over a round blunt knife, and plunged a second time into a bath of eggs: about six millions are used each year for this purpose in France and England.

These different branches of the operation generally extend over the space of a month; at the end of that time the leather would be fit to receive the beautiful dyes which are brushed into the upper surface. It would then pass into another department, where the superfluous 'flesh' is taken off, or, to avoid technical language, where it is plained until it becomes uniform in thickness and elasticity. The various processes connected with the cutting, sewing, and finishing of the gloves then follow in due course; but each pair passes through so many different hands, that it will scarcely be dismissed before the expiration of eight weeks, exclusive of the time spent in preparing the leather. The *chamoiseurs*, or dressers, of Annonay, a French town about fifty miles south of Lyon, are considered the most skilled workmen in this particular business. Four millions of skins are sent there annually from different parts of the world to be manufactured, and the fame of the place neutralised one clause at any rate of the old proverb: 'For a glove to be good, Spain must dress the leather, France cut it, and England sew it.' Our own country has, nevertheless, its vantage-ground; for those very peculiarities of water and climate in France which are so well adapted to the dressing of kid-skins, apply very disadvantageously to those of lambs, which require a temperate atmosphere, and other advantages that England can best afford. Thus, it is not unusual to see collected at Yeovil, skins from Austria, Spain, Turkey, Denmark, Bordeaux, Buenos Ayres, and the Cape of Good Hope, which had been sent there to pass through the hands of the dresser.

Our facilities in this department render the English lamb-skin glove superior to the French specimens of the same class, and it is the large demand for them which conduces to the present prosperity of Yeovil, Milborne-Port, and the neighbourhood within a circle of twenty miles. About £1500 is paid each week in wages, skilful workmen earning from twenty to thirty shillings. The value of female labour is more difficult to compute, from the fact of their always taking the work home, and in many cases devoting to it only the hours which can be conveniently spared from their domestic employments. Hence about double the number are engaged in the occupation than would be required if their whole time were given up to it. Where this is the case, young girls earn from

five shillings to seven and sixpence a week. The sewing of gloves is now carried on both here and abroad with the aid of a small machine, first used at Stoke, a town in the Yeovil district, and patented by the inventor many years ago. It is a sort of vice which grasps the gloves, leaving only the extreme edge exposed. Regularity in the stitches is thus insured, and the object of the apparatus answered, as it was intended merely to facilitate, not to economise, manual labour.

The admission of French goods into our market, which we have already alluded to, is considered by the Somersetshire manufacturer to have proved rather an advantage than otherwise; inasmuch as the emulation consequent upon it has improved the quality of the article, whilst the extent of the importation—amounting, in 1855, to 260,000 dozens—proves that it does not affect the patronage of English trade in any very great degree. The chief provincial seats of the glove-making art in France are Grenoble, Montpellier, and Nîort. The varieties of material disguised under the name of kid are probably about as numerous there as here. A report has recently circulated, that owing to the large demand for rat-skins on the other side of the Channel, the denizens of the Parisian sewers were at a premium. If this be true, which we by no means undertake to assert, it is evident that the art of glove-making may still be called, as in olden times, a 'mystery,' and that the fashioning of 'naughtie and deceitful gloves' was not, as intended, put an end to by the charter.

THE ARGONAUTS IN ENGLAND.

It is very pleasant, in this matter-of-fact, money-making world of ours, to meet with a little genuine enthusiasm now and then—an enthusiasm that does not vent itself in vain talk and effervescent eloquence, of which no doubt there are plenty of specimens to be had—but one that has a definite aim in view, which works on nobly and courageously in the cause it has undertaken, and, strangest of all, has no personal gain connected with it.

Some little time ago, fashionable London, ever craving for novelty, was roused from its regular routine of pleasure by a new source of excitement in the musical world. Who that has ever heard those unequalled Cologne singers, can forget the wonderful sensation that seemed to thrill through every nerve, when that first mighty swell of human voices in unison, unaccompanied by any instruments, rose with a giant power, and resolved itself in that exquisitely perfect chord of the *Lenzfrage*, or that wild free spirit which seems to breathe in every note of the glorious *Normanns Sang*, stirring every latent energy, and rousing all the nobler parts of our nature? No orchestra in the world can produce such an effect. It is a feeling, novel as it is exciting; you are carried away by this tide of harmony, transported out of yourself by an enthusiasm perfectly irresistible and electric. Of the many thousand persons who crowded the concert-rooms, and did homage to the stars of the season, how few rightly appreciated the motives that dictated the undertaking; or, if they did think about it at all, wondered at the German enthusiasm which could induce the merchants of Cologne to give up their valuable time for an object in which nothing was to be personally gained.

It was something unexampled, unheard of, this amateur enterprise, and at a meeting of merchants in the city, voices were raised against the project as being *infra dig.*; but these, we are happy to say, were in the minority; and our modern Argonauts in search of the golden fleece which was to aid in the glorious work that Cologne is so justly proud of—the re-

edification of the noble cathedral—were fully rewarded for the difficulties they had to encounter by the reception they met with.

We happened to be in Cologne last summer, and remained there for several days, as S—, one of our party, did not like leaving this favourite old city of ours without carrying away some photographic remembrances of the cathedral and the quaint old buildings; but our disappointment may be imagined when, on developing the negatives, S— found that, by some means or other, the dust had entered the box of his albumenised glasses, which appeared dotted all over with tiny black spots! It really was too provoking, after all the trouble we had taken—not minding heat or fatigue in search of picturesque subjects, mounting upon the leads of houses, effecting bold invasions into peaceful citizens' dwellings, and submitting quietly to the mortifying indignity of being followed by a crowd of noisy urchins, clamorously entreating for just one peep into the *Guckkasten* (penny peep-show); whereat the dignity of our *commissionnaire* was so offended, that he disappeared in the afternoon, when his services were again required to carry the camera, and we had to find a substitute for him. There was no time, either, to prepare new glasses, as we were going to bid adieu to Cologne the next morning; and so we consoled ourselves for our disappointment by going to the cathedral, and listening to the evening-service.

The last notes of the organ had died away amid the lofty arches, and as we lingered in the square to take a last look of the splendid old building, S— remarked: 'Well, I must say I am much vexed that all my photographs have turned out failures. I should certainly have liked to carry away some remembrancer of old Cologne.'

'I saw some photographs in a window just now, as we were passing the corner of the square. Shall we go and see if we can get one of the cathedral?' S— assenting, we entered the *Photographische Anstalt* in the *Friedrich Wilhelm Gasse*. There were a good many excellent photographs of various parts of Cologne, but we saw none of the cathedral; and the diminutive specimen of flaxen-haired Germany who was left in charge, seemed so taken up in the contemplation of our round hats—which, we had found, were regarded somewhat in the light of a novelty in Cologne—that he could not answer satisfactorily; and we sent him off in quest of the principal, Herr Eisen. The photographer, a small wiry man, with a clever, intelligent countenance, entered a few moments afterwards, and produced some photographs of different parts of the cathedral, which S— declared surpassed anything he had seen, and became quite enthusiastic on the subject. There was a whole portfolio of views of the cathedral, of every size, and taken from various points of view, and likewise the gorgeous stained-glass windows, taken from the interior. It was a perfect treat to look over this little collection, and there was quite an *embarras de choix* as to which of these treasures we should carry away with us. Herr Eisen, seeing by S—'s remarks that he understood photography, asked him whether he would like to come to his *atelier* that evening, as they were then developing a large negative of the sculpture over the cathedral porch.

As we had no other engagement that evening, we accordingly found our way to Herr Eisen's atelier, where S—'s admiration and justly deserved praises of the promised negative fully convinced the little man that his attention had not been thrown away upon us; and he very kindly proceeded to shew us some more of the contents of his portfolios.

'What do you think of this one?' he asked, holding up a large view of the cathedral. 'It has been exposed twenty-four hours, and is one of the largest photographs ever taken: it gained the first prize at the photographic exhibitions of Bruges and Brussels.'

I am sorry that I have forgotten the number of feet and inches it measured, but it certainly was the largest photograph I had ever seen, and so perfect in every minute detail, that we could not refrain from an exclamation of delight. But our photographer had more treasures to shew us: we examined every curious corner and quaint nook in Cologne, recognised every old castle on the Rhine; roamed amid the wild scenery of Switzerland; luxuriated in the sculpture-galleries of Italy, where every statue was clearly defined, and finally lost ourselves in those perspective interiors which are so difficult to take perfectly, as every amateur well knows.

'What a pity it is,' I exclaimed, 'that those much-enduring travellers, who think it a point of duty to enliven their travelling scrap-books with that well-known melancholy print of Cologne cathedral, are in ignorance of the existence of these beautiful photographs. How I should like some of our friends in England to see them!'

'Perhaps I may be able to gratify you, as I intend going to London, in about two months' time, with a collection of photographs. It will not be my first visit, as I have already been there with the *Kölner Sängers Verein*.'

The Cologne singers! that was a magic word for us; and we immediately inquired if there was any chance of their giving a concert, as we should then certainly defer our departure for a day or two.

'No, I am afraid not,' answered Herr Eisen. 'We do not give public concerts except for charitable purposes, or, as we did in London, for the benefit of the *Kölner Dom*. The plan being originally mine, I was made manager of the company; and I can assure you that it was no easy matter to please the various tastes of my somewhat unruly *Sänger Chor*, most of whom, not understanding a word of English, were continually losing either themselves or their luggage.'

We expressed our disappointment at not being fortunate enough to hear a concert in Cologne, and asked Herr Eisen if we could not at least get some of their four-part songs, which we had tried in vain to obtain in London.

'Some of them are not published, but they are all arranged for four voices. Ah! doubtless you wish to sing them *mit Ihren Fräulein Schevestern*,' continued Herr Eisen, turning to S—. 'As you seem so fond of music, I shall really have great pleasure in copying some of our best songs, and sending them to you when I come to England.'

'By Jove!' exclaimed S—, stroking his moustache, 'the very thing we have been wishing for. Really, we are excessively obliged to you, and fully appreciate your kindness.'

But the politeness of our new friend did not end here; for after giving us a most animated and amusing account of his various adventures and difficulties as manager of the company, he finally produced a small green volume, and presented it to us with these words: 'Dieses Buch verehere ich den jungen Damen, if they will kindly accept it. It is an account of our argonautic expedition to England, by a member of the company.'

Of course, we expressed our grateful thanks for this polite attention, and as it was getting late, we wished Herr Eisen good-bye, and regained our hotel, very much pleased with the result of our evening's excursion.

We were much interested, on looking over the small volume of the *Kölner Sängers Verein*, to notice the various impressions they had received during their stay in England.

Our German friends were evidently much gratified at the cordial and warm reception they had met with in our country; and it is amusing to observe their surprise when they found that the cold and reserved English, whose motto, 'Time is money,' is ever present

in their minds, should yet be so enthusiastic about music.

It was with no slight degree of anxiety that our amateur singers prepared for their first concert in Hanover Square Rooms. The decision of the audience that night would determine the success of their undertaking. We need scarcely mention how brilliant that success was, nor how well deserved the applause that was showered on the performers. They had established their reputation: they were the stars of the season.

But a greater triumph was yet in store for them. 'In Exeter Hall the *Sängers Verein* achieved its most brilliant success. In that hall, where hitherto only sacred music had been performed, and where a *Salve Regina* had been rejected, as being 'Roman Catholic,' we had free permission to sing even secular music. The members of the Sacred Harmonic Society were surprised at the perfect time the singers kept, and although the former had their tuning-forks with them, they could not discover that we ever got flat. The beauty and aristocracy of England were present at this concert; and although it was completely successful in every way, yet we were greatly disappointed in the hope we had entertained that the Queen would honour the assembly with her presence.'

Through various causes, Her Majesty was prevented from attending any of the first concerts, but when at length charmed with the morning performance of the *Verein* at Buckingham Palace, she was present at two more of their concerts the same day, and signified her gratification by so marked an approval, their utmost wishes were gratified.

It is impossible to describe the surprise of some of the party who beheld our modern Babel for the first time. The magnitude and extent of the city seemed to overwhelm them. The breadth of the London streets, so full of life and traffic, the shops with their magnificent displays of wealth and luxury, the splendid equipages, following each in endless succession, the whole forming such a contrast to the quiet narrow thoroughfares of their native town, struck them particularly. 'Why,' exclaims our author, 'there are more riches displayed in one of these jewellers' shops in Regent Street, than in all the Rhine provinces put together. The first few days were spent by the *Sänger Chor* most agreeably in visiting the many interesting sights of the metropolis; but oh, the London Sunday! what a contrast to the cheerful, joyous Sunday-life on the Rhine! where every one considers the day of rest as a day of rejoicing, not of penance—a day on which those who have toiled wearily all the week in close rooms, can once again breathe the pure air of heaven!'

Although we do not quite agree with the author of the little volume before us, when he says: 'If Dante had spent a rainy Sunday in London, he would have found sufficient material for writing one of his finest cantos of the Purgatorio, or even the Inferno, for London ennui is even worse than the infernal regions,' yet we can quite sympathise with him in his surprise at being told that many people objected even to have music in their own houses on a Sunday! What would our good friends have said if they had witnessed the endeavours of those bigoted and narrow-minded persons who have lately tried their utmost to deprive our poor hard-working population, not only of the few harmless enjoyments open to them on their day of rest, but even of the breath of fresh air they obtain in the parks!

Some of the party, from their total ignorance of English, are frequently in danger of losing themselves, and are therefore told, by way of precaution, to keep in mind the name of their hotel, the Prince of Wales. Getting into a cab at the close of the second concert, on the cabman's asking 'Where to?' they answer simply: 'Prince of Wales'—that being the extent of their knowledge of English. The cabman, touching

his hat, mounts the box, and drives the 'full-dress gentlemen' to Buckingham Palace! The Verein were very much surprised at the strict regulations respecting full dress customary at our opera; and one of the party indignantly complains of being refused admittance to the house when he appeared in what he terms a *Phantasie-frack*—a species of coat so original, that the doorkeeper could not determine whether it belonged to the class of dress-coats or not. Judging from the eccentric garments in which our German friends occasionally indulge, we are hardly surprised at the doorkeeper's hesitation.

In describing one of the concerts, the author pays such homage to the beauty of our fair countrywomen, that we cannot resist giving the extract. 'Soon every place was filled with the *élite* of the London world, and great was the surprise of the Sängers Chor when they beheld the peerless, Juno-like figures, such as are only found amongst the blondes and brunettes of England, who crowded the room, forming a blooming parterre of unequalled loveliness—each lady being a queen of grace and beauty, while their charms were enhanced by the exquisite toilets, which far surpassed our most elegant ball-costumes. Every new song was welcomed with increased enthusiasm, and our fair audience rapturously encored the *Schwertlied*, *Kirchlein* and *Normann's Sang*, without sparing their kid-gloves! It was inspiring to behold how every feeling expressed in the songs produced an almost magical effect upon the lovely countenances of the fair listeners. They did not even attempt to control their emotion, and many a beautiful eye was bedewed with tears, which, however, were quickly succeeded by sparkling smiles when *Die Kapelle* was followed by Mendelssohn's joyous *Rheineinlied*. That such heartfelt sympathy should urge the singers on to new efforts is not surprising, and we all agreed that the English ladies in their own country were very different from the lady-tourists we were accustomed to see on the Rhine.

'At the close of the concert, when the last notes of the national hymn had died away, a stately lady advanced towards the singers, and addressed them in a voice trembling with emotion: "Gentlemen, you have given us all exquisite pleasure. An Englishwoman thanks you with her whole heart, in the name of her sisters!" Seldom, indeed, had the Verein been honoured with a more graceful farewell.'

There are many more pleasant reminiscences of England in the little volume before us; and it is evidently with great regret that the Cologne Sängers Chor bade adieu to the land where they had met with so enthusiastic a reception during their three weeks' visit. The object of the undertaking, however, was attained; and the merchants of Cologne hastened homewards, to renew the toils of their busy life, and to present the committee of the *Dom Bau* with the not inconsiderable sum of 3350 dollars, the fruit of their romantic expedition to England, for romantic it certainly was in this practical nineteenth century of ours. With justifiable pride, the Sängers Verein exhibited the golden tankard presented by our Queen with a gracious letter of thanks for the concerts they gave in Buckingham Palace; and at every festive meeting of the Verein, this graceful gift occupies the place of honour on the board. The modern Argonauts have returned to their native city, amid the rejoicings and cheers of their fellow-citizens; but long will their exquisite melodies be remembered in England by those who were fortunate enough to hear them.

It is pleasant to look back on the noble spirit that urged these men to unite in a common cause, and by their indefatigable perseverance during the many years that the Cologne Männer Gesang Verein has been established, to aid so materially in the building of the glorious cathedral. In conclusion, I need only add that on our return from the continent, we found that

Herr Eisen had exceeded his promised kindness, by sending us all the hundred four-part songs which the Verein had immortalised in England.

CALIFORNIAN GIANTS.

If all England have not heard of the *Mammoth tree* which has of late been exhibited to admiring crowds in London and elsewhere, it is no fault of the newspapers, nor of that numerous band of literary filibusterers who are always ready to fight under any banner, and for any captain, if he can only pay them. But all England has not yet heard of the particular place whence the monster came, and will therefore perhaps be willing to read something brief thereupon.

Imagining ourselves for a moment to be in California, in Calaveras county, we follow the course of an affluent of the Stanislas, which winds serpentlike, and with many an eddy, along one of the valleys that penetrate the Sierra Nevada; and at about fifteen miles from Murphy's, we come to a circular basin sequestered among the hills. Its diameter may be a mile, and its elevation from 4000 to 5000 feet above the sea-level. Here we find ourselves in presence of the giants—real giants of the vegetable kingdom, such as we should never have expected to see in these post-diluvian days. Not without emotion, and a profound sense of admiration, do we gaze upon them. The wind blows cold, and the heights around are covered with snow; but we heed not the blast; the snow brings out the trees in better relief; the sight repays us for all our fatigue, and makes us forget the wearisome return-journey yet to be encountered. It is not an everyday occurrence to stand under the shadow of trees that began to grow about the time that Hannibal was marching victorious upon Rome, and were still in their infancy at the birth of Christianity. What changes have come over the world—how many empires have risen and fallen since first their branches waved in the breeze! There they stand, ninety of them, living witnesses of a past far more remote than the earliest dawn of American tradition.

The smallest of these giants is fifteen feet in diameter. They occupy an extent of about fifty acres in the basin above mentioned, where they tower above all others of their species. The tall trees among the latter appear dwarfs in comparison. Long fringes and festoons of yellow moss and lichen hang around their proud trunks; and a parasite growing from their roots—a kind of *hypophysis*—shoots its graceful stems, adorned with bractea and rose-coloured flowers, to a height of ten feet. The place has thus the double charm of beauty and magnificence.

It will be understood, of course, that the giants here spoken of are pine-trees. The tops of many are broken and mutilated by the weight of the snow which in winter accumulates on their terminal branches; and some have been injured at the base by the camp-fires of Indians. A few have been so deeply hollowed by repeated burning, that a whole family might lodge with all their household gear in the blackened excavations. The bark generally is marked by deep longitudinal furrows, presenting the appearance of pillars or fluted columns. One has been stripped of its bark to a height of 100 feet; and a spiral row of pegs driven in, forms a not very safe means of ascent around the bare portion, yet the tree flourishes above as vigorously as ever.

The proprietor of the neighbouring tavern conducts his guests to the site of these prodigies of vegetation, and tells their names—he in most instances having been sole sponsor. First he calls attention to the Big Tree, which is, or rather was, 95 feet in circumference, and 300 feet high; for now it lies prostrate, a monarch pulled down by the hands of republicans. Five men were employed for twenty-five days in felling it. They drew a line all round seven feet from the ground, and along this they bored holes close together to the very

centre of the stem with an enormous auger, so that the tree losing its equilibrium, at last fell with a shock that echoed like thunder among the hills. Three weeks more were spent in stripping off the bark for a length of 52 feet only: and now the king of the forest has one side flattened to be used as a 'bowling alley,' at the end of which stands a small wooden house where the players may quench their thirst with juleps and cocktails. To what base purposes may we not descend! To be told that a wagon and horses could travel easily along the overthrown stem, excites no surprise when we know that its diameter at the thickest end is 23 feet 7 inches, without reckoning the bark, which would be about three feet more. The stump has also been turned to account; its upper surface is smoothed and polished, and supports a pavilion in which visitors may sit and contemplate the scene around.

Having satisfied our curiosity with regard to the Big Tree, we are next conducted to the Miner's Cabin, which stands 300 feet high, and is 80 feet in circumference; to the Old Bachelor, the same height, but 20 feet less in girth; the Hermit, so named from standing a little apart from the rest, a handsome fellow, with one side of his trunk scorched, containing, however, according to the calculation of a knowing 'lumber-merchant,' 725,000 feet of timber. Then we have the Husband and Wife, not more than 250 feet high, leaning towards each other at the summit; and the Three Sisters, growing apparently from the same root—a remarkably fine group. They are all 300 feet high, and 92 in girth; and the middle one has not a branch below 200 feet. Further on, the Mother and Son attract attention—the lady being 325 feet high, and the youth 300: perhaps he has not done growing. In girth they are both alike—93 feet. Then the Siamese Twins and their Guardian; the Old Maid, like the Bachelor, isolated; but her head is bald; and the Bride of California, the Beauty of the Forest, Mister Shelby, and Uncle Tom's Cabin. This latter has a hollow at the bottom of the trunk large enough to seat twenty-five persons, to which you enter through a gap 10 feet high and 2 feet wide. The Horseback Ride is an old hollow trunk fallen down, in which visitors may ride on horseback.

There are other trees and other names, but those we have enumerated will perhaps suffice, without our repeating any that betray the disposition to vulgarity that prevails in remote parts of the states. The Family Group, however, must not be passed over in silence: it comprises twenty-six trees, among which are seen father, mother, and twenty-four children. The father lost his perpendicular years ago, and fell down, and yet he is 110 feet in circumference at his base; he was, as is supposed, when in his prime, 450 feet high. The portion which remains is hollow throughout, and partly buried in the soil, while from underneath bursts a perennial spring, which it covered in its fall. The mother is 327 feet high, and 91 in girth; the children are not quite so large. The Americans, in their fondness for 'tall' nomenclature, call these fifty acres of trees the Mammoth Grove.

As regards a distinctive botanical term, this colossal species is known by various names: *Taxodium sempervirens*, *Sequoia gigantea*, *Wellingtonia gigantea*, *Washingtonia*, and others. The last two are modern designations; the second, however, being assigned by Endlicher in his *Synopsis Coniferarum*, should be regarded as definitive. The wood is of a reddish colour, and appears to be more elastic than any other yet known. It has, moreover, the property of not splitting in the sun, and is but little liable to decay; the branches are short, and the foliage similar to that of the juniper. It is considered remarkable that so large a tree should bear such small spines, and cones no bigger than a hen's egg.

Why these trees should be confined to this particular

spot, is a question often asked; but the fact is, they are found in other parts of the Sierra Nevada, particularly in the pass leading to Carson Valley, though not in such numbers or of so great dimensions. The difference is charged to the destructive propensities of the Indians.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

PATENTS FOR MACHINES AND PROCESSES.

THE history of mechanical invention is full of cases like that of Hargraves, the inventor of the spinning-jenny, who was ruined for want of a patent. Professor George Wilson stated to the Scottish Society of Arts a few weeks ago, that on a recent tour of the manufacturing districts, he was much struck with a beautiful piece of mechanism for weaving, and inquired who had invented it. He was quietly told that the inventor was now breaking stones on the road in a neighbouring district. Somebody had asked for a sight of his model, and by and by the machine was offered for sale all over the country.

But does the history of patents shew that they afford a certain protection, and so enable the inventor to remunerate himself? Far from it. It is seldom that an invention is not capable of being brought out with some speciality of difference, giving it a more or less plausible claim to originality. Then there is the uncertainty and the slowness of legal redress. It is commonly said that seven years of the valuable life of James Watt were thrown away in litigation, in a great measure vain, for the protection of his patent rights.

Inventors in chemistry are more fortunate, for if they can preserve their secret, they are comparatively safe. Many dyers and calico-printers, who have hit upon peculiar processes, do not regard the protection of a patent as worth paying for. In these cases, however, extraordinary stratagems are occasionally resorted to in order to get at the secret. 'The history of pottery,' remarks Dr George Wilson, 'is in many respects a shameful record. Here we have a gentleman feigning insanity, and working as a menial till he has learned the potter's secret. Advantage is taken of Josiah Wedgwood's serious illness to steal his papers. A workman ran away from one German dukedom to another with the recipes of a porcelain work in his possession. He hopes to make his own iniquitous terms; but they fill him drunk, and pick his pockets of the stolen recipes. A German prince deliberately imprisons a chemist till he successfully makes stone-ware for him; and Frederick the Great makes no scruple of carrying off whole families of Saxon potters, and compelling them to settle in Prussia. These are not exceptional cases. The history of pottery abounds in them.'

The history of inventors is remarkable for what may be called its tragical anomalies. Patrick Miller, who was so much concerned in promoting steam-navigation in its infancy seventy years ago, impoverished himself by his inventions; and his family, when in reduced circumstances, never received one farthing of recompense from the public. The widow of James Taylor, who prompted and actually managed Mr Miller's first experiments in steam-navigation, lives at ninety with a pension of fifty pounds. The son of Gray, who first expounded railway-travelling, was not many years ago endeavouring to get a clerk's situation on a western line. Who has not heard of the case of Henry Cort, who, about 1782, discovered the method of 'rendering pig-iron malleable in an air-furnace heated by the flame of pit-coal, without the aid of charcoal, or bellows, or cylinders'—the process termed *pudding*, which has been the express means of enabling us to make use of our native iron, and in a manner created a trade which adds millions per annum to the national wealth? This Henry Cort, from circumstances beyond his control,

broke down in an attempt to render his inventions profitable, and died in poverty. Two of his children, above seventy years of age, have pensions not exceeding *nineteen pounds* each from the British nation.

To facilitate the getting of a patent, and improve the legal means of protecting it, is an obvious desideratum, if we would wish to see ingenuity rewarded by its own works; and these are accordingly among the demands of our age. We doubt, however, whether the public is morally entitled to sit down content with doing the best it can for inventors in these two respects. A patent, justifiable and necessary as it is in our present social system, is, after all, an imperfect way of recompensing inventive genius and labour. Many inventors, as we see, do not succeed in obtaining one. Often it is obtained by some capitalist, who gives the inventor but a trifle of the proceeds. When it is obtained, it is liable to be rendered of but little use, in consequence of the incessant efforts to break it down or evade it; for the truth is, a patent, though not a monopoly in the usual sense, works as one, and in this way is a thing that can never be wholly good for either the possessor or the public. For these reasons, while not prepared to declare against this method of remunerating inventions, we see a necessity for some liberal plan to supplement its deficiencies, and would gladly approve of pensions being more generally given, and given on a more generous scale, to inventors and their descendants.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS BY EXAMINATIONS.*

A remarkable revolution is at present silently in progress in the modes of advanced education. Less dependence is now being placed on direct instruction by lectures in universities, and more upon periodical examinations. The youth is, in short, told that the honour or diploma he aspires to is to be granted to him on his passing a certain series of examinations, let him qualify himself for these examinations how he may. He studies, perhaps, in his own home, or by attending classes, or hiring a tutor. This is his own affair. When properly prepared, he comes before the examining-board, the fidelity of which to its trust being assumed, it is impossible he can pass unless his acquirements are of a genuine character. In this way the English Universities, the Inns of Court, the Military and Naval Colleges, the East India Company, the Colleges of Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries, the various government boards, and the Committee of Privy Council on Education, stand out before the community as so many incentives to a high education. There may be some errors as to the nature of the examinations: these are susceptible of being rectified, and doubtless will be rectified ere long. But the general fact is unquestionable, that a principle of activity is now at work in the advanced departments of education in England, from which most important fruits may be expected.

Our readers are aware, that within the last two years the Society of Arts has taken upon itself the duty of getting up an examining-board for the sake of the multitude of young persons whose education is of the more irregular kind. An ingenious country mechanic, a poring shop-lad, any kind of humble youth who has passed through a course, in a great measure consisting of self-education, may come before this body, who, knowing nothing of him but the number he represents, search into his acquirements, and assign him a grade. At their first examination, they had fifty-six candidates, and the general amount of proficiency shewn by these young men was very remarkable. A bookseller's shop-boy from Leeds proved so

great in mathematics, that he was immediately adopted into the Kew Observatory as an assistant—a situation which, to one of his predecessors, opened the way to rank and fortune. The Society will henceforth keep a regular registry of its examinees, which, being freely open to the public, will doubtless prove the means of introducing many to good employment, according to their merits. If its plans be fully worked out, and public confidence in its awards fully established, the effect in stimulating ingenious youth must be altogether such as the best friends of human progress could wish.

SONNET.

THE CEMETERY OF THE HEART.

Off, in the twilight of my spirit, to
A sacred precinct in the realm of mind,
A shadowy region, dim and strange, defined
By solemn images, my Thought doth go
With troubled air to feed with thought her wo.
Dust goes to dust: the Earth doth lay her kind
Into her quiet breast: Mind goes to mind—
All mind to God: within herself the Heart
Buries her dead—the young Hope that did die
While she was nursing it with loving art,
And Love—her holy One, and Joy—all lie
Where she hath laid them peacefully apart:
There by them will my Thought sit, while afar
Falls sickly round the light of Memory's pale star.

J. B.

THE EAGLE (BORE) OF THE TSIEN-TANG RIVER.

Between the river and the city walls, which are a mile distant, dense suburbs extend several miles along the banks. As the hour of flood-tide approached, crowds gathered in the streets running at right angles with the Tsién-tang, but at safe distances. My position was a terrace in front of the Tri-wave Temple, which afforded a good view of the entire scene. On a sudden, all traffic in the thronged mart was suspended; porters cleared the front street of every description of merchandise; boatmen ceased lading and unlading their vessels, and put out into the middle of the stream, so that a few moments sufficed to give a deserted appearance to the busiest part of one of the busiest cities of Asia. The centre of the river teemed with craft, from small boats to huge barges, including the gay flower-boats. Loud shouting from the fleet announced the appearance of the flood, which seemed like a glistening white cable, stretched athwart the river at its mouth, as far down as the eye could reach. Its noise, compared by Chinese poets to that of thunder, speedily drowned that of the boatmen; and as it advanced with prodigious velocity—at the rate, I should judge, of twenty-five miles an hour—it assumed the appearance of an alabaster wall, or rather of a cataract four or five miles across, and about thirty feet high, moving bodily onward. Soon it reached the advanced-guard of the immense assemblage of vessels awaiting its approach. . . . As the foaming wall of water dashed impetuously onwards, the multitude were silenced, all being intently occupied in keeping their prows towards the wave which threatened to submerge everything afloat; but they all vaulted, as it were, to the summit with perfect safety. The spectacle was of greatest interest when the eagle had passed about one-half way among the craft. On one side they were quietly reposing on the surface of the unruffled stream, while those on the nether portion were pitching and heaving in tumultuous confusion on the flood, others were scaling with the agility of salmon the formidable cascade. This grand and exciting scene was but of a moment's duration—it passed up the river in an instant, but from this point with gradually diminishing force, size, and velocity, until it ceased to be perceptible; which Chinese accounts represent to be eighty miles distant from the city!—*Transactions of the China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society.*

* We recommend to general notice two lectures by Dr James Booth (Bell and Daldy, London), entitled *How to Learn and What to Learn*, in which the subject here slightly touched on is fully and ably treated.

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